THE DAILY STAR.

SATURDAY.....JANUARY 2

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

THE STAR FREE OF POSTAGE.

The postage will be paid at this office on all editions of The Star sent to subscribers in the United States.

THE Indians did not propose that the people about Vinita should enjoy a "Happy New Year."

IF St. Louis has to pay a high price for gas, there is one thing that she has cheaper than her neighbors, namely, the sweet of life, called candy for short.

IF the design of the new Cincinnati Post-office as given by an organ is correct, and it is Mullet's latest and best work, then he should look at it and die. There certainly is neither striking elegance nor beauty about it. It is simply *squatty*, nothing more, and we hope that the new architect will certainly take the liberty to improve the exterior appearance.

THE Spaniards treated themselves to a New Year's gift of a King. Don Alphonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, a youth of less than eighteen summers, is welcomed as head of the nation. Civilian and soldier united in believing this the best means of securing quiet for the country. Alphonso declares that he will be the representative of no party, but of the whole people. He is a devout Catholic, and has asked the blessing of the Holy Father and promised to defend the faith. And now it is hoped that Spanish broils will cease at least for a season.

THE Chicago Inter-Ocean is singularly inconsistant. After rejoicing in the last Congressional stupidity as establishing *free banking*, it says:

The retirement of greenbacks costing nothing, and the filling of this vacuum with national bank notes costing the country five and six per cent. per annum, *issued to a favored class, is a proposition little better than robbery.*

"Robbery," is it? Then why do you rejoice in the prospect of extending the "robbery" by free banking? "Robbery," it is, and worse than simple robbery—it is complex robbery. It robs the people of the 5 to 6 per cent. in the first instance, and then the act of incorporation and all the government investiture of the banking system combines and consolidates the power of the strongest for the purpose of a wholesale robbery of the people in all their industrial and business relations. The government creates the bankers a monopoly.

THE venerable Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, has received a severe blow by the dishonesty of the Commissioners for making the awards. It appears that articles of inferior merit were preferred to those of decidedly the first excellence; and, of course, the exhibitors of meritorious products were thrown into a tumultuous condition of boundless indignation. It has been the town-talk ever since the show; and it is being noised abroad to the serious prejudice of the Grand Centennial which Philadelphians are preparing. If the old Franklin Institute has become corrupt, what can save the people from suspicion that the international show in that city a year and a half hence will also be corrupt? We regret the depravity of that Institute because of its founder. It seems to us that Old Ben Franklin in the spirit land feels like making a ghostly dash at the rascals and lashing them out of his Institute.

THE Toledo Democrat makes an extensive report of the business of Toledo. In giving an account of the Second National Bank at that place it states that 6 per cent. free of taxation is semi-annually divided among the stockholders. This is equal to 14 per cent. per annum, calling the taxes 2 per cent. But this is not all. The bank has a surplus capital made up from the profits, of $185,000, which is equal to 6½ per cent. on the $350,000 of paid up capital. This puts the profits of that bank at over 20 per cent. We have all the time supposed that all the banks in our cities (and most of the bank capital is in the cities) made at least 20 per cent. The report of the Comptroller of the Currency puts the dividends at about 5 per cent. semi-annually, and leaves the inference that ten per cent. per annum is the limits of their profits. The Comptroller does not say "exempt from taxation," and the surplus is "kept dark." The truth is that the people have been paying the expenses of the Comptroller's office while that office has been the pettifogger of the banks.

COMING TO OUR PLATFORM.

Hon. Amasa Walker, whom the Enquirer vouches for as the foremost writer on political economy in this country, has been compelled to somewhat change his views on the money question. He now favors greenbacks as against any other paper money, and insists that the legal tender attribute should not be repealed until the greenback is nearly or quite on a par with gold. To repeal the legal tender would be to violate the obligation of contracts, because it would diminish the paying power of the notes. He says that "resumption will take place when the banks and the Government are ready for it and not before"—and no resumption can be sustained until paper is on a par with coin, and that no law or resolution of Congress can fix the day when it will take place.

Mr. Walker is also opposed to the contraction of the greenbacks. When they shall be at par with gold he wants to know why they should not be kept in circulation, and save interest on the amount of bonds that would be required to redeem them.

We give this epitome of Mr. Walker's views, because our readers see that they are precisely such as we advanced the other day, and have, from time to time set forth. We want Mr. Walker to explicitly say that there should be no other paper money then government notes. He would then be in entire accord with us. He has virtually said it, by referring to the saving of interest; because if it be an object to save interest on $400,000,000 it would be a greater object to save it on $600,000,000 or more.

THE WOOL TARIFF FOLLY.

The wool-growers of this country have been most egregiously bamboozled by the duty of from 18 to 110 per cent. on wool. They themselves were under the impression that a high duty would put money in their pockets; and the pig-iron and other manufacturers were anxious to secure the support of the wool-growers by conceding to them a duty reaching over 100 per cent. on the finer sorts of wool.

The result is that wool-growing has seriously suffered by the effect of the duty. The fine wools are but little grown in this country, and the duty excluded from our woolen mills fine goods of foreign growth. Our manufacturers were thus compelled to make the lower grades of cloth, while foreign manufacturers were enabled to supply this country with the more expensive grades. Being thus limited, our manufacturers flooded the market with coarse cloths, and were compelled to close their mills.

This depressed the domestic wool market. If domestic manufacturers can not flourish domestic wool growing can not prosper.

Had it not been for the tariff our mills could have made the finer fabrics and exported them in competition with the foreign product.

Thus the duty has injured both the wool grower and the manufacturer, and also our foreign trade, by increasing our imports and diminishing our exports of woolen cloths.

It is urged, however, that, with a deficit at the Treasury, duties can not be abolished. They could, if an income tax should be substituted. Could not a wool grower, with an income of $2,000 a year, better afford to pay 2½ per cent. on $1000, which would be $25, than to have his business ruined by a duty leaving him without even $1,000 income. So also with the manufacturer. So, in fact, with everybody else. An income tax, graduated from 2½ to 20 per cent. would bring the requisite revenue.

ANECDOTE OF HOLMAN.

The Indianapolis correspondent of the Gazette tells the following good story of Holman's urbanity as a politician:

"During one of Holman's visits to Winchester in the campaign, Mr. Beeson introduced one of his Republican friends to Holman, at the same time giving the latter to understand the character of his friend's politics. 'Yes,' said the friend, addressing Judge Holman, 'I am a red-hot Republican, and I shall never vote for a Democrat, especially one of your stamp.' 'Good for you,' replied Holman, stroking him on the shoulder, 'I admire your principle; never forsake your party. And I'll tell you, my good friend, I shall not dislike you, or show you any less attention, or grant you fewer favors, for voting against me; for, depend upon it, if I'm so fortunate as to be elected your Representative, I shall hold myself to be the representative of all the people in my district, irrespective of their party. So put me down as your friend, and if I can serve you in any way, you can count on me.' The trio parted and Beeson heard nothing more of his friend until election day. Just before the latter voted, however, he sought Beeson out, and taking him one side, said: 'Look here, Beeson, I'm going to vote for Holman. I spoke very roughly to him the other day, but instead of resenting it, he treated me like a gentleman, and I'll be —— if I don't vote for him!' And vote for him he did, which accounts for one of the 1,500 Republican votes that Judge Holman got in the Fifth District."

It is supposed that Holman stands the best chance for Senator. Kerr is looking up as Speaker of the next House, and that will do for him.

How He Got Attennion.

A smart citizen of New York, wishing to recuperate after prodigious efforts in Wall street, paid a visit to Saratoga Springs. It was the height of the season. Hotels crammed with guests; waiters insufficient in number, and therefore not obliging. The New Yorker seized upon a likely man.

"Look here, you fellow, do you see this five dollar note? Well, if you take care of me while I am down here, I guess you'll see it again."

The waiter bowed, rubbed his hands, and otherwise showed his appreciation of the bargain. At breakfast and at dinner the citizen had the best of the entrees and the quickest supply of liquor. His clothes were brushed, his boots shined, his wink anticipated, his oaths admired. At the end of ten days the cab was at the door, with baggage packed therein, and the citizen stood ready to 'make tracks" for Wall street. As he entered the vehicle, his eye lighted on the waiter to whose devotion he was indebted for a pleasant holiday.

"Hallo, I guess you're the man I showed that five dollar note to. Well, I told you if you took good care of me you should see it again. You did take care of me and"—producing the note—"here's that very same note; and now I advise you to take a pretty good stare at it, for it'll be a tarnation long time before you see it again. Wake up, coachman, else we will miss the train."

A Centipede in the Bed.

Two gentlemen residing in St. Augustine were startled a few nights ago by loud screams proceeding from a room occupied by a lady member of the family. Inquiry elicited the information "that there was a centipede on her bed." The gas at the time was turned down quite low, but the men could see the insect on the bed, and, doubling a towel several times, clutched it tightly to prevent its escape. One of the gentlemen was somewhat of an amateur scientist, and desired ardently to preserve the centipede for a specimen. Accordingly, the captured insect was carried in the towel to a drug store. The druggist poured chloroform on the towel to stupefy the creature and to prevent the possibility of its escape, and one of the clerks stood by with an uplifted club, to strike it should it attempt to get off. The towel was opened, and the expectant lookers-on were astonished to find that all the fuss had been made over a little strip of calico.

THE OLD YEAR.

We have closed the book and laid it by:
And ever thus must its pages lie;
We can not unclasp the lids again,
Nor write its record with brighter pen.

Ah, many the lines we would retrace—
And many the stains we would erase—
But the time has fled from us away,
We can not recall a single day.

Our lives have not backward paths to tread;
The words we utter are ne'er unsaid:
We never can dream the self-same dream,
Nor reverse the onward flowing stream.

Oh! then let us low in meekness now
Before our Maker in Heaven bow,
And pardon ask for every sin,
Which the closed book doth hold within.

And when another again we ope,
With its pure white pages full of hope,
May we look to Him and humbly pray
For strength to keep it as pure each day.

ROGER AND I.

It is a very simple story. My name is Marian Ray, and I was twenty years old when I first met Roger Dermott at Cohassett, where I was passing the summer. We—my mother and I composed our entire family circle—had strayed to this quiet place because we knew that her lease of life was not very long, and I grasped at any suggestion of possible relief to her, even as the drowning catch at straws, forgetting how frail they are. And it was terrible to me to think that I must be left alone in the great wide world—alone and poor.

We were always together, my mother and I, for she was more like an elder sister than a parent, and we clung the closer now, for we felt that the time was short. Therefore I made her life as pleasant and easy as possible, and her only anxiety was for my lonely, unprotected future, when we must leave her out under the flowers and the dew, and I would be friendless. But I, feeling very brave and confident, as the young are prone to do, smiled back courageously into her face, and at last, when my future began to be discussed, changed the subject of conversation. And so we lived on by the seaside, and our two lives were very grave and uneventful, until the time came when a ray of sunshine slipped in. But, ah! when the sunshine goes again, I notice that it is always darker than before it came.

We were strolling along the beach, one divine June morning, my arm around my mother in a tender, protecting way, for I felt her weakness, when she suddenly started from my side, advanced a few steps, and with a bright flush on her pale face, held out both hands to some one in a surprised, glad greeting. I glanced up in astonishment, for we were strangers there, and met the laughing brown eyes of Roger Dermott. He saluted me with a courteous bow, insisted upon taking my place beside my mother, and together we resumed our morning walk. He was my mother's most prized friend, and despite the disparity in their years, it was beautiful to see them together. He so tender and chivalrous; she, so gentle, and relying on his strength as a sister might. And so the days slipped by till the coming of the autumn—days no longer lonely, for he was always with us; no longer filled with gloomy forebodings of the future—for now, Roger and I were betrothed.

I hardly knew how it came about. Perhaps it was the natural sequence to our romantic wanderings and hours of companionship. It is wonderful what great strides hearts will make toward each other when two are somewhat isolated from society, and surrounded by all the wealth that mother nature loves to lavish upon her children. Looking back upon that past, after the lapse of years, and when Time has thrown his sombre veil over all that intervenes,

"I think my eyes grow wet, as somewhere within my breast,
Stabbed a faint and slothful pang, never wholly laid at rest."

Dear old Cohassett! Before I had ever visited there it had been described to me, with a half smile and an expressive shrug of the shoulders, as "a *morceau* of a place, comprising a big hotel and a few fishermen's huts, a nice bit of beach and some fine rocks. *Viola tout!*" But I think I always loved it. First I loved for itself, afterward I could not help it, and now associations halo the spot with a mysterious fascination. It is to me as the graveyard in which all I ever loved lies sleeping, and yet no dust is there to which I have a claim. There are graveyards in the memory sometimes, and there it seems to me we always lay our bravest and best.

Roger was a sailor, and it was strange how soon I learned to take interest in all that pertained to the ocean. We passed hours by the "salt sea wave," while he unfolded to me the mysteries that lay hidden in its shining, deceitful depths. I loved the sea then—oh, how I loved it! But now, when I walk along the beach, it talks to me of partings and all dreary things, and the sound of its tumultuous roaring comes to my ears like the cries of a soul in despair.

One gloomy afternoon in September, with the sky threatening and dreary, and the angry sun, red and sullen, retiring in a crimson ball behind the mass of clouds lowering in the west, I walked upon the rocks beside the sea. Roger was to meet me there, for he was going to sail on the morrow for the Indies, leaving me with a heart like a lump of lead to await his return. I could not endure the thought of this parting. But he would be captain of the vessel when he came back, he said, and he must not lose this great chance in the world. He would have taken me with him, as his wife, but there was mother, too frail to undertake the perilous journey, and so I would stay behind. But no matter how much is to be gained by the voyage, there never was a woman yet that could feel at such a time the value of any gain, and I suppose I was like the rest.

And so, I paced up and down the rocks, in the sunset, with my heart all choked up like, and my voice full of tears. But my eyes were dry, quite dry, for Roger must not see my weakness; when he was gone there would be days and nights to cry in, and then my tears need not be restrained. So, waiting bravely for his coming, I turned me, and shielding my eyes with my hand, I watched the offing, where the ships rocked. The surf-lines came booming up to the foot of the rock, frothing and foaming angrily, the gulls wheeled above my head, shrieking and dipping into the white-capped water. And then, watching the sun go down, I began to wonder at Roger's delay. We had walked upon the beach every pleasant evening, but never before had I awaited his coming at this spot. And thinking how pleased he would be to find me so much nearer than he anticipated, I smiled to myself, as I marked at last his familiar form moving along the beach. But where was he going? He directed his steps to a little nook or cove on the shore, where I had never visited, for he had warned me of its danger when the tide was in.

As he entered the sheltered corner I perceived that the place was occupied, for there was the gleam of a gay dress, and then I saw, crouched upon the beach below, a slender form. It was Jeannette Dent, the daughter of a fisherman near by, and my heart gave a great, angry bound, as I saw that Roger evidently expected to meet her there. Then I saw her arise from her recumbent position on the sand, fling her long, black hair from her handsome face, and then turning towards my Roger, she seized his hand with a passionate gesture. But I waited to see no more. Down from the rock I dashed, and turned me homeward. Then I composed myself, and walking calmly to the hotel, I sought my own apartment. My mother—gentle soul—attributing it to my parting with Roger, tried to soothe me; and I, feeling it best to allow her thus to deceive herself, did not attempt to explain.

In a short time I heard his voice asking the servant if we were disengaged, and regardless of consequences, I sent down a message that I was too ill to see him; on that, the last evening that we were to be together! The next morning, before the ship sailed, I wrote a line to Mr. Roger Dermott—and returning a book which I had found awaiting me the night before, I told him—with no explanation—that he was free, our engagement was at an end. And, with quiet scorn, I warned him not to write to me, for if he did, I should burn his letters unopened—and Roger Dermott knew that I never broke my word. Then I slipped his ring into the envelope, and so, it was all over.

After that we returned to our home in New York, and there the fever seized me. I went down to the gates of death; but my feet were stayed at the portals, so I came back again to life, with its duties and stern realities. One blow followed another in quick succession. Hardly had I regained my strength when my mother, prostrated by my long illness, set forth on that last, lonesome journey that we all must take alone. With her dear hands in mine I watched her as she "fell on sleep." She died unconscious of what had come between Roger and me, and our two names were the last upon her lips. Died! and we who had always been together were parted forever now. So I saw it, for the first time, "the old, the old fashion, Death;" but, "thank God! all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality!"

I stood alone in the world—God help the poor woman who has that to say of herself—and with a woman's very precarious chances of earning an honest livelihood. But I was fortunate in finding a friend, and just at the blackest hour of my night (the hour before the day-dawn); just when my heart had failed me, and, desolate and alone, I felt "hedged in" by all the pitiless world—a kind hand was stretched out to save me from despair. An old time friend of my father offered me the charge of a circulating library, and, too thankful for words I wrung his hand in gratitude, and turned my face in the direction of my work. It was in the beginning of winter, and glad was I of the employment which would secure me from want during that inclement season, and I was ready for the hardest, most irksome task. Mr. Lee, my employer, was a genial old gentleman, a perfect "book-worm," and I soon found my labor very engrossing. Among books I could not be lonely, and so the days wore away, and winter glided into spring, and still I was employed.

Some three years had elapsed since my mother's death, when one day there happened to me one of those inexplicable occurrences which no one can account for, which puzzle the wisest and most learned of scientists and scholars; some call it providential interposition. Now, I am a simple little woman, and perhaps I do not reason very soundly, or more likely I do not reason at all, and just arrive at the conclusion of such matters by the road of my own intuition. But, I like to think that my mother's spirit is in a better land, looking upon me, and knowing now the mistake under which she labored when she died—concerning Roger Dermott and me—with loving care, directed me that day. At least it will do no harm to think so.

At all events, going one day into an unused room, I stumbled over a small wooden box. "Bless me!" cried Mr. Lee, looking a little vexed, "if there isn't that box of second-hand books which I purchased ever so long ago, and then forgot all about them. They comprise some valuable works and will be useful to us." So saying he hastily removed the lid of the box, and I was soon assisting to assort the contents. Was it any wonder that I grew pale and faint, as I put my hand on a copy of Longfellow, with Roger Dermott's name on the fly leaf? Well did I remember the book, which he had sent me, the very day before he sailed. I did not stop to conjecture how it came there, but I sat idly fluttering the leaves with one hand, and thinking of our last meeting. I closed the book with a gesture of contempt, as the memory of that day came back to me; when just then, I perceived that something had dropped from between the leaves and lay upon the floor at my feet.

"What have you there, Miss Marian," asked Mr. Lee, smilingly, and in a maze I answered, "a post-office, I should think;" for I saw that the object lying there was a letter—a letter with my name on the envelope, and in Roger Dermott's hand. I tore it open—this is what it said:

MY DEAR MARIAN—Forgive me if I do not come as early as usual to-night. Little Jeannette Dent has begged me to do her a favor. The poor girl has a lover—an honest, steady fellow, who lives a few miles away. Old Dent (whom you know to be a worthless, drinking man), swears that the marriage shall not take place, and I have promised Jeannette to beg her father's consent and entreat him to alter his former decision. This she is sure I can accomplish, as I have some influence with him. I will bring the result of my intercession to her this evening on the beach, as she fears to see me at her own home. I could not refuse to do this, for the poor girl is almost wild with trouble; and thinking, my Marian, of our own happiness, sets my heart a quiver at thought of the misery of any one, no matter how humble. I send this note, and the copy of Longfellow I promised you, by the servant. Please wait patiently the coming of your

ROGER.

The spring sunlight stole in the narrow window of the dark old lumber room, and danced across the dingy floor, where I crouched with my head bowed on my clasped hands, and the hot tears streaming from my eyes, and falling on the dusty boards at my feet. So, we were separated forever, and I, in my mad blindness, had done it all.

I dried my eyes, and went back to my work; but the heart was gone from it, henceforth, and when the summer came, with a week's vacation, I found myself (I hardly knew why) at Cohassett. Perhaps I hoped for some tidings of Roger.

As soon as I was rested after my brief journey, I sought the home of little Jeannette, to at least mentally beg her pardon. I found her happily married, and living in a small house near the beach, where, all day long, a sturdy fisherman toiled for his darling and the little golden head in the cradle, while their constant talk was of Roger, and how kind he had been to them. I left them, promising to return soon, and passing down the beach, I paused at last at the old trysting place. Some one was there before me, and not wishing to intrude, I turned to leave, when the tall, commanding figure arose and doffed his cap. A slight cry—a step forward—and then, "Marian!" "Roger!"—and that was all.

And so, we two stood there together, while the sun set and trailed a flood of crimson glory over our heads, just as the joy of reunion, and a happy faith and trust crept into our hearts, and filled them with a peace that will never go away—never, any more.

Street dresses should not touch the ground by two inches all around.

The Methodist Bishops—Pastoral Address on Amusements and Sabbath Desecration.

The Methodist Bishops have issued their usual pastoral address to the Church, in which, after calling attention to the spiritual prosperity of the denomination during the past year, and referring to the increased need of holy living because of the growing tendency to dissipation of all sorts, they touch the Sabbath question and amusements on that day as follows:

We have reason to fear that the growing demoralization in the public sentiment touching the sacredness of the Sabbath has crept in among us, and, especially in the larger towns and cities, is on the increase. The Sabbath, instituted in the beginning and confirmed again and again by Moses and the prophets, has never been abrogated.

A part of the moral law, not one jot or tittle of its sanctity has been taken away. The Bible abounds in admonitions and exortations and warnings concerning it. Nature and religion both teach that it is necessary to man's physical, intellectual and moral well being; and history shows that it is equally necessary to the well being of society and the permanent success of the Church.

The Master himself has taught us that, while "the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," only works of mercy and necessity—made such by providential circumstances, not by ourselves—are expected from the general prohibition to do no labor on this holy day. Discountenance and discourage, then, all unnecessary work in the family, all social visiting, all Sunday excursions, all traveling for business or pleasure; so that the entire day may be given to meditation and prayer, to social and public worship, to the Sabbath school, and to such other means and opportunities of religious enjoyment and usefulness as may be within your reach. Thus shall the Sabbath, as was intended, be a day of rest and peace, a day of holy labor—a blessed foretaste of heaven.

We have cause for apprehension concerning another growing evil—the fondness for social and public amusements—to which we ask your prayerful thought and attention. Christians should not seek their pleasure in those things to which the vain and wicked resort for their chief delights. "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," is the rule by which they are to be guided. "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me," is the requisition made by Christ. We do not refer to the theater, the circus, the ball room or the wine party. These confessedly lead to spiritual death. But there are other more strictly social and less offensive modes of amusement which offer, especially to the young, the enticement to those worldly pleasures "which war against the soul."

These occasion a waste of time, cause dissipation of mind, and unfit us not only for the duties of religion, but for the practical duties of life. We would not desire to lay upon you burdens heavy to be borne. But the world is so full of innocent pleasures, and religion opens so many fountains of enjoyment, that you can well afford to deny yourselves of those which are of dangerous tendency, or, at best, of doubtful propriety. The highest state of pleasure springs from personal purity and holy and benevolent living. Strive, therefore, for the sake of your Christian character and usefulness, and for the sake of "the weak conscience of your brother for whom Christ died," "to abstain," in this respect as in others, "from all appearance of evil, and cleave to that which is right and good."

Cleaning Paint.

There is a very simple method of cleaning paint that has become dirty, and if our housewives should adopt it, would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will easily remove any dirt or grease, after which wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it with a short chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

Real Estate Transfers.

Peter Groeschel to George and Magdalena Fath, a life lease of 16-10 acres, in Section 32, Colerain township, in consideration of $400.

T. H. Corruthers and wife to H. G. Hunnewell, 1 6-100 acres, on Wyoming avenue, Wyoming—$3,700.

J. H. Sterwerf and wife to Joseph Ante, 5¾ acres, in Section 12, Green township—$1 and other considerations.

Trustee of Maria A. Sterwerf to same, same tract—$1,400.

W. B. Johnston and wife to C. W. Horne, leasehold 106 by 84 feet, on the south side of Kemper street, 89½ feet east of Montgomery road, Second Ward—$2,400.

Adam Bittner and wife to Catharine Erras, 10 acres, in Section 21, Colerain township—$1,350.

Heirs of James Wilson to Nancy Allen, Lot 29, in square 9, in Maxon and Reddington's subdivision of Home City, 32 by 120 feet—$225.

Margaret K. Poor to John Bruske, perpetual lease of Lots 181 and 182 in Poor's subdivision in Section 27, Millcreek township, each 25 by 120 feet, at an annual rent of $52 50, with the privilege of purchasing the same for $750.

Heirs of G. Dieckmann to Catherine Dieckmann, lot 26 by 100 feet, on the west side of Walnut street, 50 feet south of Thirteenth street; also, lot 71 5-6 by 70 feet, on the northeast corner of Ninth and Baymiller streets; also, 2 77-100 acres in Section 6, Green township—$23,635.

Same to Gerhard Dieckmann, lot 20 by 100 feet, on the east side of Elm street, 57½ feet north of Liberty street; also, lot 25 by 106 feet, on the south side of Richmond street, 240 feet east of Cutter street; also, part of lot 1 in Marshall's subdivision on East Walnut Hills, 88 by by 278½ feet—$18,175.

Same to Josephine Dusterberg, part of the same lot, 88 by 278½ feet; also, lot 25½ by 93 feet, on the east side of Walnut street, 25 feet south of Thirteenth street; also, lot 16 by 95 feet, on the east side of the same street, 105 feet north of Twelfth street—$17,940.

Same to Wilhemina Schmidt, lot 17 by 73 feet, on the west side of Ludlow street, 80 feet north of Second street; also, the undivided half of the following lots: lot 23½ by 90 feet, on the east side of Main street, 80 feet south of Abigail street; leasehold 75 by 75 feet, on the northeast corner of Twelfth and Jackson streets—$12,729 06.

John Stall and wife to the Sun Building Association No. 1, lot 70 by 100 feet, on the north side of Vine street, 40 feet east of Locust street, in Reading—$1,100.

Henry Lanfersick and wife to H. W. Rietmann and H. Steinmeier, the undivided third of a leasehold 20 by 79½ feet, on the north side of Sherman avenue, 151 feet west of Western avenue—$100.

H. W. Rietman and wife to H. Steinmeier, the undivided half of the same leasehold—$180.

Heinrich Dickmann to Herman Schnitker, 5 years lease of part of the premises on the southeast corner of Jones and Melancthon streets, at an annual rent of $360.

Benjamin Simon and others to Derothea Kinkle, lot 19½ by 130 feet, on the south side of East Third street, 73 feet west of Ludlow street—$6,500.

Wm. Carter and wife to Arranetta D. Gratigny, 1¼ acres in Section 3, Millcreek Township—$14,000.

Bernhard Burke to Thomas Albert, 3 years lease of part of a 3 story brick building, on the Warsaw pike, Twenty-first Ward, at an annual rent of $216.

Sophia D. Bucker and others to Wm. Hehemann, lot 50 by 103 feet, on the southeast corner of McMillian and Kenton streets—$2,000.

Timothy Kirby to Thos. Leonard, 20 years lease of a lot 30 by 110 feet, on the west side of Kirby road, north of the new school-house, in the Twenty-fifth Ward, at a yearly rent of $15, with the privilege of buying the same for $150.

Bridget and Sarah A. Farmer, to James Farmer, a perpetual leasehold, 20 by 95½ feet, on the south side of Ochier Street, 181 feet west of Harriet street—$1.